

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN



VOL. LVII. - NO. 8.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1897.

WHOLE NO. 2917

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN
NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE

Official Organ of the N. E. Agricultural Society
LINUS DARLING, PROPRIETOR.

ISSUED WEEKLY AT JOHN HANCOCK BUILDING 178 DEVONSHIRE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 155 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

TERMS: \$2.00 per annum, in advance. \$2.50 if not paid in advance. Postage free. Single copies 5 cents.

No paper discontinued, except at the option of the proprietor until all arrears are paid.

All persons sending contributions to THE PLOUGHMAN, are free to do so, but as a guarantee of good faith, otherwise they will be consigned to the waste-bin. All matter intended for publication should be written on one side paper, with ink, and upon but one side.

Correspondence from particular farmers, giving the results of their experience, is solicited. Letters should be signed with the writer's real name. All will, whether to be printed or not, as the writer may wish.

THE PLOUGHMAN offers great advantages to advertisers. Its circulation is large and among the most active and intelligent portion of the community.

RATES OF ADVERTISING: 12 1-2 cents per line for first insertion.

6 1-4 cents for each subsequent insertion.

AGRICULTURAL.

A GRINDSTONE will soften when the lower part is left soaking in a trough of water. Either fix the trough to be raised or lowered at will or have the water drop from above. Keep the stone scraped round, and free from grease.

ONE GROWER of long experience sums up strawberry culture in a very few lines: Set out plants in clean, rich soil, keep clean, mulch in winter from the ground heaves; mulch between rows in spring; pick and sell your berries.

SOME of our readers intend to try scraping their apple trees as described last week, and want to know what tool is best. Use an old hoe with a piece cut of the edge so as to make it curve inward, and then ground sharp. There are patent tree scrapers made, but the above will answer.

Shingles.

SPLIT shingles are more durable than sawn shingles, but if clear from sap, sawed pine shingles will often last twenty years. Cedar is about four years less durable than best pine, and spruce only about half as durable as best pine. One of the best preservatives is a bath of lime water before putting on. A bunch of shingles will lay about two courses on a roof forty feet wide. To find the total number of shingles required, exposing five inches to the weather on each course, multiply together the length and width of one side of the roof, reduce the result to inches and cut off the right hand or unit figure. The result will give the number of shingles for both sides of the roof.

A Wool Mulch.

WOOL waste is sometimes used as a mulch for currants or fruit plantation. Spread quite thick over the ground; it will retain moisture and keep down many of the weeds. Waste contains four or five per cent of nitrogen and four or five per cent of potash and a little phosphoric acid. Nominally, it might be worth \$10 to \$15 per ton but it dissolves so slowly that it is principally esteemed for mulching. Currants mulched with wool waste will thrive fairly well but not so well as when the ground is kept stirred both ways with a cultivator. Celery might be prevented by spraying with Bordeaux mixture once a week beginning at the first sign of the disease.

Fertility Sold from the Farm.

A FAIR estimate of the average value of nitrogen may be placed at twelve cents per pound, phosphoric acid, five cents, potash, four cents. At this ratio a ton of the following articles of farm products when sold, would remove in fertilizing materials the value indicated for each article:

One Ton Dollars	One Ton Dollars
Milk, \$1.54	Cotton Seed Meal \$20.40
Skin milk, 1.75	Cotton Seed 9.69
Butter, 1.00	Cow Peas 1.00
Cheese, 12.20	Meadow Hay 4.88
Whey, .68	Corn, 5.47
	Fat Cattle 7.70

One Hundred Hints on Dairying.

BY THE LATE COL. T. D. CURTIS.

PART III.—Continued.

BUTTER MAKING.

54. The sugar in the cream is the weakest element, and will very soon turn to lactic-acid. It would be philosophical to suppose that it would be better to have this change take place in the cream instead of in the butter; just as in cheese making it is better to have it take place in the curd instead of in the cheese.

55. The temperature for churning ranges from 55 to 65 degrees, according to conditions. But ordinarily the range is from 58 to 64 degrees—while 60 to 62 are the most common.

56. When the cream is most oily and limpid, as in June, the lower temperatures are the best: when it contains more hard fats and is more viscous from the presence of more albuminous matter, as in winter, and with cows long in milk, the higher temperatures are the best.

57. The more succulent foods make the more watery milk and oily cream, which churns easier. Hence, ensilage and roots are favorable to butter making, the oils principally giving butter its flavor.

58. When cream is thick andropy, and will not churn, it is because of the presence of an excess of albumen, which is like the white of an egg. This also prevents the escape of air, gathered by churning, which is denoted by the swelling of the cream, which becomes frothy. Too low a temperature sometimes operates in this way, while a too high temperature makes the butter too soft and porous. It is well to raise the temperature of the cream somewhat higher than the churning point, and let it lower to it, as fat is a bad conductor and does not heat as soon as the fluids in the cream.

59. If just enough water and no more is left in the butter to dissolve the salt, so that no brine is worked out, the weight of the salt is added to the weight of the unsalted butter.

60. Beware of salt that does not dissolve immediately. It is liable to remain undissolved and make the butter gritty, unless an extra amount of water is left in the butter, which would be a fraud.

61. By salting butter in the granular form all working is avoided, and the "grain" is preserved perfectly. If the right kind of salt is used it dissolves at once, covering every particle with a saturated brine. It is only necessary to press it together in a solid mass either before or when packing it for market.

62. By salting butter in the granular form all working is avoided, and the "grain" is preserved perfectly. If the right kind of salt is used it dissolves at once, covering every particle with a saturated brine. It is only necessary to press it together in a solid mass either before or when packing it for market.

63. By salting butter in the granular form all working is avoided, and the "grain" is preserved perfectly. If the right kind of salt is used it dissolves at once, covering every particle with a saturated brine. It is only necessary to press it together in a solid mass either before or when packing it for market.

64. After washing, let the butter stand in the churn, without gathering, until all the water has drained out that will, it dropping very slowly or not at all; then sift on the salt at the rate of one ounce to the pound, more or less, as may be demanded by the market for which it is intended—sifting on a little at a time and stirring it in, or incorporating it with the butter by gently rocking the churn to and fro.

65. It is best to use a sieve in sifting for the purpose of keeping out dirt, pin scales, lumps, etc., which most salt contains. Use none but the best salt made for dairy purposes. Salt should be as carefully kept as flour—in a dry, sweet and clean place, away from kerosene, fish and other rank-smelling articles.

66. By salting butter in the granular form all working is avoided, and the "grain" is preserved perfectly. If the right kind of salt is used it dissolves at once, covering every particle with a saturated brine. It is only necessary to press it together in a solid mass either before or when packing it for market.

67. Beware of salt that does not dissolve immediately. It is liable to remain undissolved and make the butter gritty, unless an extra amount of water is left in the butter, which would be a fraud.

68. Beware to use enough salt to saturate the water remaining in the butter, even if you have to work out some of the brine. If you do not the butter will contain only a weak brine and will not keep well.

69. If just enough water and no more is left in the butter to dissolve the salt, so that no brine is worked out, the weight of the salt is added to the weight of the unsalted butter.

70. No "brine salting" method as yet made public, is equal to the method here described, or as economical. It is practical and scientific brine-salting. Butter may be taken out of the churn and salted in a bowl or on a table.

T. D. Curtis's one hundred hints on dairying have for some time been out of print. Before the author's death, he gave the writer the privilege of republishing them, which he intends to do in book form. But not being at this time ready to do so, he has concluded to give them to the public in the above form. Future issues of this paper will contain remaining parts, till the entire one hundred hints have been published. The hints will be worth a year's subscription to the paper.

F. W. MOSELEY.

Clinton, Iowa.

How About the Grit Supply?

A common and very serious mistake is to neglect the supply of grit when fowls are closely confined, or during the time of year when they cannot get it for themselves. Hens will never make best use of their food or thrive and lay, without plenty of grit. Fine, cracked stone, the refuse of granite quarries, can be bought from the supply stores. Good sharp gravel will answer if there is plenty of it for the hens to select from. Pounded crockery is a good grinding material. Flocks of twenty-five or thirty fowls which have not been well supplied with grinding material will eat a quart or more of pounded glass or crockery at a meal. After a poultryman has pounded crockery all one winter he will be likely to provide gravel enough for the following winter. Some poultrymen object to pounded glass, but the writer has never seen any bad effects from feeding it to hens. Oyster shells furnish some grit, but are not hard enough to answer alone.

GREEN elm wood is about one-half water; beech, one-fifth; oak, two-fifths. In burning a cord of average green wood, about three-fourths of a ton of water must be converted into steam no purpose. Two cords of dry wood will do the work of three cords of green wood. Hence every farmer who burns three cords of green wood, throws away a cord of wood and three dollars for chopping, hauling and working it up for freight and no drawback for surplus."

"Is that the wholesale price?" "It is the price paid by retail milkmen in Springfield and Hartford. They sell it for five cents a quart in summer and six in winter. Some of them Pasteurize it and ask seven or eight cents a quart; the wholesale price is better for the farmer than to ship the milk to contractors in large cities, because the milk is taken at the door. There is no expense getting it to the station, no charge for freight and no drawback for surplus."

"But don't these retailers get most of the profit?" "They do. Still it is a question whether a farmer should compete with them in a large city. In a small city,

From College to Farm.

THIS YOUNG MAN PUTS HIS EDUCATION TO THE TEST. VALLEY MILK FARMING.

A young man educated in a New England agricultural college and for some years a teacher and farm manager at the same institution has recently located upon a farm in the Connecticut Valley. He has faith enough in the value of his ability, knowledge and experience to believe that he can make farming pay him better than teaching, everything considered, and he hopes and expects to pay for the valuable farm through the profits of the business.

THE BOYS DID THE WORK.

Mr. H.—was born and brought up on a New England farm and knows what hard work means. He says:

"My father was not ambitious to make money, but was more of a student, and the burden of the farm fell upon the oldest boys. We worked very hard and made some money besides supporting the large family.

SIGHED FOR INDEPENDENCE.

"After a while, my brother started out for himself. He took a farm with hardly a cent of money of his own, went in debt for the farm, the stock and tools, his milk route and everything else. He had our father's credit behind him, but was given no money. He worked like a dog, for running a milk route and keeping up a farm is hard work. Some men wouldn't be willing to work so hard. He began fifteen years ago and now has his farm and outfit nearly free of debt, worth about \$5000. Doesn't that show farming pays? It was the result of plain, hard work and perseverance without any special advantages.

SIGHED FOR INDEPENDENCE.

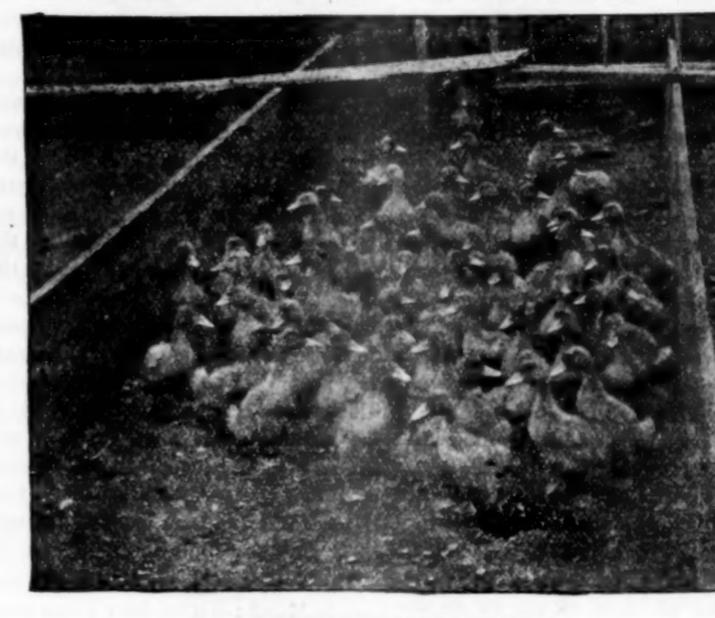
"As for me, I sought farming was too hard work and I worked my way through the Agricultural College, then taught a while and for two years held the position of manager of a college farm. But these positions were not independent enough. A manager of a college farm is responsible to a number of persons including the trustees, and his position sometimes became disagreeable from the excessive interest and interference of so many employers. I resolved that I could get more satisfaction and profit from a farm of my own.

"I found that although my salary was tolerably good for a small town (\$900) that I could not save so much as my brother could on his own farm. I resolved to get back to farming for profit and to buy a farm of my own. So here I am. I am living on this farm with the privilege of six months' trial before purchase.

Clinton, Iowa.

How About the Grit Supply?

A common and very serious mistake is to neglect the supply of grit when fowls are closely confined, or during the time of year when they cannot get it for themselves. Hens will never



NURSERY BROODER YARD
AT WEBER BROS., WENHAM, MASS., SHOWING DUCKLINGS EIGHT-DAYS OLD.
(SEE ARTICLE ON THIRD PAGE.)

the business is all done by farmers, but in a large city there are professional milkmen who spend all their time attending to their business, and they make keen competition. Under such conditions it is hard for a farmer to get and keep a route. A farmer who chooses to attend strictly to making the milk and allows others to do the selling and to shoulder the bad debts may sometimes do as well as he would by running retail teams to the city. I'm sure that milk can be made at a profit at two and one half and three cents a quart, if the land is not too costly. The farm must be bought at the lowest possible figure and closest economy practised in the management. When you pay \$200 or more per acre for land, it must be carefully farmed."

A Plea for Mixed Farming.

In those sections of our country where the farms consist of large areas of land specialties may be the proper thing, but on the small New England farms, with their diversity of surface and of soil, I believe mixed farming will give the farmer more money for less labor than will any other method. A farm keeping a dozen cows will keep a man literally, as Kate Sanborn expresses it, "tied to a cow's tail," if he does his work himself, while if he keeps a man his profits will be small, and his wife will have so much extra labor to perform, beside the discomfort of an extra and sometimes undesirable addition to the family.

Farm wages in New England have not gone down with the price of farm products, farmers paying as much for labor as when straight dairies sold in the fall for thirty cents a pound. With half that number of cows and the rest sheep and young cattle, one man can tend them all within the limit of a decent day's work while the returns will be nearly, if not quite, as much. Besides this many dollars may be derived from other sources which are usually neglected on a farm.

"That is, you are practically the manager of the farm with a chance to buy it any time, if it suits you?"

"Yes, I want to know just what I am to get. I had heard much about the famous soil of the Connecticut valley and was prejudiced somewhat in favor of that region."

HIGH COST LAND AND MILK FARMING.

"Did you not find the prices of farms rather high?"

"Yes. Some of them are too high for any chance of farming them at a profit. For instances, I was offered a farm with buildings, ten acres of good valley land and ten acres of pasture of which six were sandy and four acres too wet. The price was \$5000, altogether too high. Such land is too costly to be used for producing milk at two cents and a half per quart in summer and three cents in winter."

"Is that the wholesale price?"

"It is the price paid by retail milkmen in Springfield and Hartford. They sell it for five cents a quart in summer and six in winter. Some of them Pasteurize it and ask seven or eight cents a quart; the wholesale price is better for the farmer than to ship the milk to contractors in large cities, because the milk is taken at the door. There is no expense getting it to the station, no charge for freight and no drawback for surplus."

"But don't these retailers get most of the profit?"

"They do. Still it is a question whether a farmer should compete with them in a large city. In a small city,

her. Then let them study their plants and flowers, enjoy their fruits and divide the profits.

On all the big farms of this section where some speciality is followed, usually dairying, the owner is either mortgaged clear to his ears or else is a man drawing a big salary from some other source which he manages to "blow" to his farming operations, while the farmer who raises a little of everything, and he and his family do the work themselves, being decently industrious, (I don't approve of drudges of either sex neither do I approve of the man who works at the village grocery while his wife does the chores) is usually free from debt, with good buildings and a small but steadily increasing bank account. He doesn't drink much rum, smokes no high priced cigars and rarely takes a trip to Europe but he and his wife are cheerful, contented and happy. What more do they need?

GREEN MOUNTAINEER.

Lunches in Garden Economy.

Dear to the heart of every New England boy, still a boy as in memory lives over again his years of apprenticeship on those hillsides where Nature so reluctantly yielded her treasures, was the custom of providing the field workers with a "ten o'clock lunch." While the older members of the family found it very acceptable and recognized its rejuvenating tendencies, with what an immense relish did we boys "go for it" and with what different feelings we resumed our work. Only a few moments before we thought we were about "fagged out," and without it we should probably have amounted to very little for the two remaining hours of the forenoon. After it we felt like young jack rabbits, and the time passed both quickly and profitably from then till noon. The bill of fare was not calculated to be that of a meal of a staying character, but simply something to stimulate and revive. Supper, which in the summer season was at five o'clock, not much beyond the middle of the afternoon's work and chores, served a like purpose. While the blood



POULTRY.

Among the Ducklings.

Visiting the Weber Bros.' duck farm in Norfolk county, Mass., near Boston, last April, the writer found them busily engaged in caring for over 6,300 ducklings, as well as 5,500 fertile eggs in incubators. Every other day a machine would hatch from 240 to 300 ducklings. None had been killed for market at that time, but the oldest, a lot of 110 nine weeks old, were to be dressed the following week.

In one machine in the larger incubator cellar, were over 300 newly hatched ducklings. They had been beneath the trays for twenty-four hours without food or water. On opening the outer door down by light eagerly crowded toward the light and up against the inner or glass door, and when it was opened were ready to tumble down the glass incline into the box, in which they were to be transported to the nursery.

In the nursery house 3,000 ducklings under twelve days of age occupied the twenty-eight stall-like pens. This brooder house, being shingled, is the warmer of the two heated houses and the hot water pipes under the hovers are but six inches from the ground. The pens and hovers were bedded with pine sawdust and the air in the house did not seem close or foul. Each pen, four by twelve feet, is intended to take 150 ducklings.

Every other day, to make room for the newly hatched ducklings, two pens of the oldest are removed from the nursery to the second house. The soiled bedding is then removed from the pens and under hovers and is replaced with fresh sawdust. The ducklings are then brought from the incubators in a box having a handle and covers similar to those of a market basket. As they are immediately watered and placed on a feed board covered with food, they learn what to eat before they have a chance to try to eat sawdust. They are not put in pens near the heater and then moved along from one pen to another as they grow older, but remain in the same pen for two days and then are removed to the second house.

For the first five days they are kept near the hover and away from the window by a temporary partition placed across the pen two or three feet from the window. After that time they are allowed the run of the whole pen inside the house, but are not allowed outside until they are eight days old. After this they are let into the out-door yards every dry pleasant day. These nursery brooder yards, made of boards twelve feet long, shield them from the wind. As these are very important part of the food. They were then feeding daily about four bushels of green rye, mixed with the dough. This was palied by hand from an acre plot sown last fall, and was run through a cutter. This rye patch will be repeatedly mowed, at least three times, before the land is needed for yarding the older ducklings. Wheat has been tried as a winter crop for this purpose, and gave great satisfaction one season; but they were forced to buy waste lettuce and cabbage. Rye is now depended upon for the winter and early spring supply. An acre will yield them what green stuff is required during the first six weeks in spring. They use oats and corn fodder also, but prefer clover to any other green food when it can be had.

Where so many ducklings are put together and confined to small yards, they learn the vice of feather pulling. To prevent this they may be put on grass, or be given more green fodder.

They believe grit is essential not only to success in life, but to aid the digestion of growing ducks, and they had bought a car load in two sizes, or 20 tons for use this season. A supply of oyster shells, 15 tons, was also laid in. They were then collecting each day about 425 eggs from the laying ducks and will continue to hatch at their full capacity until July first, after which the number of eggs put in the incubators will gradually be less. They had not at that time had a breeding duck that had wanted to sit. Of their large number their average loss was about 12 ducklings per day, and only among those less than one week old.

Much of the success attained by the Webers is no doubt due to the fact that each of the brothers gives his constant and careful attention to a special department. The great care of running such a plant is divided up among several interested parties. If one man should undertake to run this plant with hired help only, the results would probably be somewhat different.—Samuel Cushman, in Country Gentleman.

A GREAT BULL FOR SALE. Grandson of Merry Maiden. Dropped Sept. 14, 1897. Sire, Chrome, by Diploma, sire of 33 in all, and dam, 200 lbs. weight, 14½ oz., by a son of Diploma and Paradise; 2d dam, Merry Maiden, 1st dam, 190 lbs. weight, 14½ oz., by a son of Diploma and Paradise. Test cow at the World's Fair, owned at Hood Farm, 3d dam, 190 lbs. weight, 14½ oz., and dam, 190 lbs. weight, 14½ oz. Write for prices.

HOOD FARM, Lowell, Mass.

ducks, the latter being put out to pasture with nothing but a shed for shelter. As the season advances, the ducklings require less artificial heat and shelter and during the dry, warm months quite small ones are yarded outdoors, day and night, and given shelter from the sun only, which, by the way, is always necessary to avoid sunstroke or serious disease.

The flocks were an interesting sight at feeding time. They are fed five times daily until 26 days old, and after that but four times in 24 hours. Regularity in feeding is of the greatest importance, if they are not fed promptly, they make a great clamor, tire themselves out and lose flesh. The deafening peeping goes on with in the management of horses. To receive a sting is just as much an accident to the careful and intelligent keeper who objects to being stung. Knowledge gives him power to avoid such accidents. Although one may protect themselves in such a way that it is almost impossible for bees to sting them, old hands rarely do it. They understand what a sting is, and how it works, and can dislodge it so quickly after it has been inserted, that it gives them no pain. They, therefore, care nothing about a few stings, usually leave their hands exposed, and many will not even take the trouble to protect the face.

It is not necessary that one should have a farm or garden in order to keep bees. It is generally more convenient to locate them on the ground, but an apiary may be conducted on the flat roof of a city house, or a few hives may be placed at an attic window. City apiarists frequently do better than those located in the country on account of the greater variety of trees and shrubs grown therein. One or two colonies may be kept with no others kept within a mile of them. There are few localities that will not support that number even in the poorest seasons. It is because a large number are kept that a great difference in the season's yield is noticed. In this region it is not advisable to keep fifty or one hundred colonies in one place during a whole season, or for one to make honey production an exclusive business. There are locations where it can be done but they are not in Rhode Island.

One can keep bees without buying expensive hives and fixtures, although they are much more convenient. One who knows how can get good results from bees hived in a nail keg or butter tub. He can cut out honey for family use and eat or sell it in the comb, or secure it in liquid form without an extractor by melting the comb in a warm oven and running off the honey. This product would hardly do to win prizes on, however. The box hive bee-keeper is often less of a fool than a manipulator of modern colonies that have their combs built crossways of the frames, so that the brood chamber cannot be disturbed, they are more easily subdued by smoke. When the combs are being handled, they also become panic stricken, and rush pell-mell over the combs and mass in clusters or bunches.

There is a great difference in the disposition of bees. The so-called native or black bees, are more apt to sting persons that pass in front of their hives, than other races. When the hives are disturbed, they are more easily subdued by smoke. When the combs are being handled, they also become panic stricken, and rush pell-mell over the combs and mass in clusters or bunches.

Italians bees pay little attention to

passers by, but we are quick to re-

sent a decided affront. If handled

gently, they submit to very little smoke,

and frequently none is required, and,

they remain quiet and evenly spread

over the combs when they are manipu-

lated. If angered, they are more deter-

mined in their resentment than the

blacks, and must be given more smoke

to conquer them and keep them subdued.

Carniolans are even gentler than Italians,

but less desirable. They are more

like common black bees in appearance.

Pure Italians are active honey gatherers and gentle. They gather more

honey than the blacks as a rule, and de-

pend their lives more energetically trou-

moths. They do not live through cold

winters so well, and do not produce so

much honey as the blacks.

Italians are more active and busier

than the blacks, and are more

desirable. They are more

like common black bees in appearance.

Pure Italians are active honey gatherers and gentle. They gather more

honey than the blacks as a rule, and de-

pend their lives more energetically trou-

moths. They do not live through cold

winters so well, and do not produce so

much honey as the blacks.

Italians are more active and busier

than the blacks, and are more

desirable. They are more

like common black bees in appearance.

Italians are more active and busier

than the blacks, and are more

desirable. They are more

like common black bees in appearance.

APIARY.

How Anyone Can Manage Bees, Secure the Surplus Product and Not Get Stung.

[Abstract from lecture delivered by Samuel Cushman at Providence, R. I., November 10, before the R. I. Bee Keepers' Educational Society.]

Anyone can manage bees. No particular power or charm, or influence for them is required. One must simply understand bee nature, take advantage of it to control them and protect himself.

There is no more need of being stung than of being kicked or run away with in the management of horses.

To receive a sting is just as much an accident to the careful and intelligent keeper who objects to being stung.

Knowledge gives him power to avoid such accidents.

Although one may protect themselves in such a way that it is almost impossible for bees to sting them, old hands rarely do it.

They understand what a sting is, and how it works, and can dislodge it so quickly after it has been inserted, that it gives them no pain.

They, therefore, care nothing about a few stings, usually leave their hands exposed, and many will not even take the trouble to protect the face.

It is not necessary that one should have a farm or garden in order to keep bees.

It is generally more convenient to locate them on the ground, but an apiary may be conducted on the flat roof of a city house, or a few hives may be placed at an attic window.

City apiarists frequently do better than those located in the country on account of the greater variety of trees and shrubs grown therein.

One or two colonies may be kept with no others kept within a mile of them.

There are few localities that will not support that number even in the poorest seasons.

It is because a large number are kept that a great difference in the season's yield is noticed.

In this region it is not advisable to keep fifty or one hundred colonies in one place during a whole season, or for one to make honey production an exclusive business.

There are locations where it can be done but they are not in Rhode Island.

It is not necessary that one should have a farm or garden in order to keep bees.

It is generally more convenient to locate them on the ground, but an apiary may be conducted on the flat roof of a city house, or a few hives may be placed at an attic window.

City apiarists frequently do better than those located in the country on account of the greater variety of trees and shrubs grown therein.

One or two colonies may be kept with no others kept within a mile of them.

There are few localities that will not support that number even in the poorest seasons.

It is because a large number are kept that a great difference in the season's yield is noticed.

In this region it is not advisable to keep fifty or one hundred colonies in one place during a whole season, or for one to make honey production an exclusive business.

There are locations where it can be done but they are not in Rhode Island.

It is not necessary that one should have a farm or garden in order to keep bees.

It is generally more convenient to locate them on the ground, but an apiary may be conducted on the flat roof of a city house, or a few hives may be placed at an attic window.

City apiarists frequently do better than those located in the country on account of the greater variety of trees and shrubs grown therein.

One or two colonies may be kept with no others kept within a mile of them.

There are few localities that will not support that number even in the poorest seasons.

It is because a large number are kept that a great difference in the season's yield is noticed.

In this region it is not advisable to keep fifty or one hundred colonies in one place during a whole season, or for one to make honey production an exclusive business.

There are locations where it can be done but they are not in Rhode Island.

It is not necessary that one should have a farm or garden in order to keep bees.

It is generally more convenient to locate them on the ground, but an apiary may be conducted on the flat roof of a city house, or a few hives may be placed at an attic window.

City apiarists frequently do better than those located in the country on account of the greater variety of trees and shrubs grown therein.

One or two colonies may be kept with no others kept within a mile of them.

There are few localities that will not support that number even in the poorest seasons.

It is because a large number are kept that a great difference in the season's yield is noticed.

In this region it is not advisable to keep fifty or one hundred colonies in one place during a whole season, or for one to make honey production an exclusive business.

There are locations where it can be done but they are not in Rhode Island.

It is not necessary that one should have a farm or garden in order to keep bees.

It is generally more convenient to locate them on the ground, but an apiary may be conducted on the flat roof of a city house, or a few hives may be placed at an attic window.

City apiarists frequently do better than those located in the country on account of the greater variety of trees and shrubs grown therein.

One or two colonies may be kept with no others kept within a mile of them.

There are few localities that will not support that number even in the poorest seasons.

It is because a large number are kept that a great difference in the season's yield is noticed.

In this region it is not advisable to keep fifty or one hundred colonies in one place during a whole season, or for one to make honey production an exclusive business.

There are locations where it can be done but they are not in Rhode Island.

It is not necessary that one should have a farm or garden in order to keep bees.

It is generally more convenient to locate them on the ground, but an apiary may be conducted on the flat roof of a city house, or a few hives may be placed at an attic window.

City apiarists frequently do better than those located in the country on account of the greater variety of trees and shrubs grown therein.

One or two colonies may be kept with no others kept within a mile of them.

There are few localities that will not support that number even in the poorest seasons.

It is because a large number are kept that a great difference in the season's yield is noticed.

In this region it is not advisable to keep fifty or one hundred colonies in one place during a whole season, or for one to make honey production an exclusive business.

There are locations where it can be done but they are not in Rhode Island.

It is not necessary that one should have a farm or garden in order to keep bees.

It is generally more convenient to locate them on the ground, but an apiary may be conducted on the flat roof of a city house, or a few hives may be placed at an attic window.

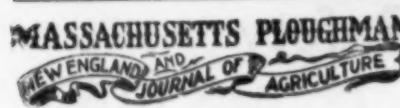
City apiarists frequently do better than those located in the country on account of the greater variety of trees and shrubs grown therein.

One or two colonies may be kept with no others kept within a mile of them.

There are few localities that will not support that number even in the poorest seasons.

It is because a large number are kept that a great difference in the season's yield is noticed.

In this region it is not advisable to keep fifty or one hundred colonies in one place during a whole season, or for one to make honey production an exclusive business.



BOSTON, NOVEMBER 20, 1897.

Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.

FRET not; tire not.

TRY to break nature to harness and hold the reins well in hand.

LITTLE outgoes spoil large incomes and small losses waste big profits.

LOSE interest in the farm and you are likely soon to owe interest on a mortgage.

Poverty is sometimes good capital, and the man who has more to start with, often ends with less.

THE great cotton crop of the United States is worth more than all the gold produced of the world. American farms are the best Klondike.

PROFESSOR MAYNARD'S peach article last week was worth a year's subscription to anyone who likes home-raised peaches. Any farmer who will get healthy trees and protect them in winter, can at least have a home supply of this choice of orchard fruits.

IT is a mistake to agitate the beet sugar industry in New England. Our farmers would better leave that crop to sections with cheaper lands and drier, milder autumn climates. There are other crops enough that pay as well, and local markets for them in the best in the world.

THE competition of the South is pulling hard upon New England cotton mills. Perhaps in the course of years the industry may be unable to live at all in New England. But long before that time some other branch of enterprise will take its place. Yankee gumption is not easily put out.

SIBERIA is not likely to become a very serious competitor of the United States according to the statement of Prince Kropotkin, for the reason that the rich mines recently discovered will employ a large mining population which will consume the surplus grain product of the country.

BOSTON is no doubt the best market in the country for high grade poultry products. Our people have been trained to prefer good poultry and fancy eggs and will pay extra prices for them. In fact, the market is so particular that what is fancy stuff in other places is only ordinary here. Those who wonder why they do not get the best prices should come and inspect some of the best stuff in a high grade commission house.

SOME years ago a young man of a suburban town near Boston attached a sail to a lawn mower and clipped his lawn by wind power. But here is something later. A lawn mower which is driven by a gasoline engine has been made and used by a New York man. The operator sits on top and steers, while the machine cuts a swath almost equal to that of a mowing machine. The advantage over a horse-power mower is that the soft turf is not trampled upon and torn by the hoofs of the horses. Possibly the idea will be applied to farm mowing machines.

THEY have some smart farmers at the Wisconsin experiment station. Last year farm products were sold to the value of \$6575, which is far ahead of any other station in this respect except Pennsylvania, which sold over \$10,000 worth. Of course, the value of a station is not measured by the amount of money it makes at farming, but the existence of an income like the above tends to show that the managers are at least very practical men and competent to teach farming as a business.

GREAT BRITAIN imports over \$20,000,000 worth of eggs. The United States ought to supply two-thirds of these, but the amount actually supplied by this country is worth only about one hundred thousand dollars. The average price received is about eighteen cents per dozen. It is claimed that eggs can be bought at from five to eight cents per dozen in the West and sent to England for three cents per dozen. If so, here is a chance for somebody.

GRAT things are promised from the discovery of the English scientist, Gaston, of a new method of crossing grasses, grains and clovers by which new and surprising species are claimed to have been produced. The cross between barley and oats for instance, it is said, results in a new and peculiar grain of permanent type, while comparatively useless plants are, by judicious crossing, made to produce valuable food substances. Probably the value of the discoveries has been over estimated by the enthusiasts who are bringing them forward. As a general rule, hybrids are more remarkable as curiosities than valuable as staple crops.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarh Cure.

J. H. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out his claims made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX.

Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN. Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the system, and curing cases of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

CURRENT TOPICS.

This country is a much larger producer of precious metals than is realized by the ordinary individual and the output is rapidly increasing. The gold resources of Colorado have been largely developed the last few years, the output increasing from \$8,000,000 in 1883 to \$22,000,000 in 1897, a gain of nearly 300 per cent. Although California has therefore been considered the first in the gold-producing states, this year it will stand second, its output being from \$4,000,000 to \$6,000,000 less than that of Colorado. The value of the silver production of Colorado is about the same as in 1896, amounting to \$12,300,000, while the lead yield will be about \$3,000,000, copper, \$1,500,000 and iron \$3,000,000, making the entire value of Colorado's mineral production for 1897, \$52,700,000. Montana, also, is a large metal producer and its output is continually increasing, the value in 1896 being \$50,732,000.

Whatever may be the general opinion of football as a sport, in view of the criticism it has received of late, there was no doubt at all of the great interest taken in the game between the Harvard and Yale teams last Saturday, the first time they have played together since the great game at Springfield in 1894. The interest was much the more intense as the result was

hardly a year passes without the foundation of one or more colonies, until now there are twenty-three of these agricultural settlements. There are about six thousand colonists, who have a hundred thousand acres of land under cultivation.

While the chief products are wine, silk and fruits, each colony has some specialty.

Jesud Hama'alab, for instance,

cultivates roses for the manufacture of perfume; Merom has 24,000 olive-trees;

another devotes special attention to cattle raising, and those colonies east of the river Jordan raise large quantities of wheat.

Vegetables in History.

An epicure will feast on a dish of asparagus and perhaps think meanwhile that he is enjoying a delicacy which is strictly a product of the present century but history shows us that the plant was grown in all its perfection 200 years before the birth of Christ. According to Herodotus, lettuce was in use even earlier than asparagus, for it was cultivated as early as 550 B. C. Not only was it grown, but it was so grown as to be had at all times of the year, and blanched to make it white and tender. What better does the gardener of today?

The cucumber is one of the vegetables named in early Bible history, though some claim that melons were really meant. Both the cucumber and melon are named, not only in different places, but the Israelites complained of the lack of "the cucumbers and the melons" when they were with Moses in the wilderness. As to the melon, the date of its first cultivation is lost in antiquity, but Pitay records its use, and as he died in A. D. 79, it probably is as old as the cucumber.

All movements of a general character to transport the Jews to Palestine and there build up again the Jewish nation have proved a failure, and have not met with the approval of the great body of the Jews scattered over the world. They feel that it could end only in disaster, especially as the Jews, by their long residence and affiliation with other nations, have become so widely separated in modes of thought and ways of living as to have lost much of that coherence which has always been an especial Jewish characteristic.

Then, too, Palestine is an agricultural country and the Jews have for generations been traders, rather than farmers in the country where they have made their homes, and they have neither the training nor the ability to make their living from the soil, especially as the land has lost much of that fertility for which it was once famous.

And yet, although the schemes for a general settlement of Palestine by the Jews have failed, their persecutions and ill-treatment in some countries have led them to find a residence elsewhere and their thoughts very naturally turned to the land of their fathers, and this has led to the establishment of many Jewish colonies throughout Palestine. Harper's Weekly speaks very interestingly of these Jewish colonies in a recent issue. It says:—

"When the persecutions of the Jews became severe in Roumania, in 1879, they naturally turned to the Holy Land, and in the following year two agricultural villages, Zichron-Ja'akob and Rosh-Pinah, were established. These colonists suffered many privations and hardships at first, for few of them knew anything about agriculture, as they had been merchants and mechanics in their former home; but gradually they adapted themselves to the new life, and at present these villages are most prosperous. There are a thousand persons living on the five thousand acres of land belonging to Zichron-Ja'akob. The chief products are wine, sesame and barley, fruits, honey, and silk. The latest improvements in agricultural methods have been adopted. The village has bought and uses in common a steam-plough and steam-mill. It has its own water-works; the streets of the town are paved; there is a nursery for raising young plants, and large cellars for the storage of wine. Near it, and almost a part of the larger settlement, is Tantura, where thirty families live, supporting themselves chiefly by laboring in a large glass factory, but also cultivating the soil to some extent. The four hundred colonists of Rosh-Pinah cultivate over sixteen hundred acres of land. Besides the universal vine and mulberry tree, they pay special attention to acacia-trees, the blossoms of which are used in the large perfume factory here. Here, too, is the centre of silk manufacture, the silk worms from the other colonies being brought to the steam-mill of Rosh-Pinah for spinning and weaving.

Doubtless colonization in Palestine

Herodotus writes that in his time (450 B. C.) there was on the great pyramid an inscription telling of the sixteen thousand talents which had been expended on onion, leeks and garlic with which to feed the builders of the pyramid. One may also find the Israelites complaining of the loss of these vegetables, as well as their "cucumbers and melons," when in the wilderness.

Hood's Pills are gaining favor rapidly. Business men and travelers carry them in their pockets, ladies carry them in purses, housekeepers keep them in medicine closets, friends recommend them to friends. Boston, Mass.

Literary Notes.

The Tenth Annual Report of the Experiment Station has just been issued from the press. It contains 224 pages upon agricultural topics, including articles upon fertilizers, pig feeding, diseases of potatoes, apples, oats and onions (with remedies), weeds, insects, plum growing, seed germination, fruit pre-erivation, feeding trials with cows, butter making, etc. Each article is carefully summarized so that the gist of the volume is boiled down into small compass for the busy reader. The report will be sent without charge to any Vermont address upon application. Back issues will likewise be furnished and names placed upon the Vermont mailing list for future publications upon request. A postal card addressed to the Experiment Station, Burlington, Vermont, stating de-

sires, is sufficient.

The special features of HARPER'S MAGAZINE for November are "With the Greek Soldiers," by Richard Harding Davis, illustrated from photographs taken by the author; "A Pair of Patient Lovers," by William Dean Howells, illustrated by Albert E. Sterner; "The City to the North of Town," by James Barnes, illustrated from drawings by C. D. Welsh, Charles Broughton, Harry Fenn, and Victor Perard; "The New Japan," by Tora Hoshi, the Japanese Minister to the United States; "Memoranda," by Olivia Susan Clemens, a poem, by S. L. C. (Mark Twain); "The Century's Progress in Biology," by Henry Smith Williams, M. D., illustrated from drawings by Francis D. W. Flinn; "Daniel Webster," by the Hon. Carl Schurz; and "The Pardon of Sainte Anne D'Auray in Brittany," by George Wharton Edwards, illustrated by the author.

THE HAPPY SIX by Penn Shirley author of "Little Miss Weezy Series," "Young Master Kirke," "The Merry Five," etc. Cloth, illustrated. In this the third volume of "The Silver Gate Series," "The Merry Five," by the addition of another and younger member to the club, have become "The Happy Six," and will be published in October.

The children are now given a chance to see a little more of the world, and the description of their trip from the Pacific shores to New York, and then across the ocean to France, and their travels therein, with its many funny incidents, will certainly interest and delight all who read the book.

Penn Shirley is a very graceful interpreter of child-life. She thoroughly understands how to reach out to the tender chord of the little one's feelings, and to interest her in the noble life of her young companions. Her stories are full of bright lessons, but they do not take on the character of moralizing sermons. Her keen observation and ready sympathy teach her how to deal with the littles ones in helping them to understand the lessons of life. Her stories are simple and unaffected." Price 75 cents. Lee & Shepard, Pubs.

THE NUMBER of the CENTURY begins a new volume of that magazine. A new serial novel of New York life, "Good Americans," by Mrs. Burton Harrison, is begun, and will run for half a year. It deals with contemporary social types and tendencies.

The first part of the serial novel of New York life, "Good Americans," by Mrs. Burton Harrison, is begun, and will run for half a year. It deals with contemporary social types and tendencies.

—Lowell is to have a new shoe factory.

—Valkyrie III. is to sail in the Riviera regattas.

—Gladstone is said to be breaking down.

—Chill has borrowed \$1,500,000 in London.

—Ex-Secretary Carlisle will practise law in New York.

—A "baronet's trade union" is being formed in England.

—Norwegians are planning a trip to the Klondike on skis.

—Java coffee has dropped 9 1/2 cents at Amsterdam.

—Artesian well irrigation is a success in New South Wales.

—The English engineers' strike ends in a failure by the strikers.

—An electric locomotive has been successfully tried in France.

—The Maddakels of Afghanistan have submitted to the British.

—A movement is on foot for a national memorial to Henry George.

—Statistics show that England is falling behind in the industrial race.

—British troops have been sent to the west coast of Africa to stop raids.

—Strange explosions in the Ottawa River have recently been caused by sawdust gasses.

—Captain Bernier of Quebec is to start on a polar expedition in March from St. John.

—British forces have defeated the tribesmen in the Maiden Valley, Afghanistan.

—Dr. Thomas W. Evans, a millionaire dentist and friend of Napoleon, recently died in Paris.

—The suggestion is made that Hawaii remain a territory, after annexation, for thirty years.

—The steel works at Philadelphia are rushed with orders for big guns for the Government.

—German warships have destroyed a village in New Guinea in revenge for the murder of a German trader.

—An international conference is being held between Austria, France and Germany on the abolition of sugar bounties.

—Russia has called upon Turkey to pay \$6,500,000 indemnity if the latter nation's war equipments are to be increased.

—The Toronto Globe says that Laurier rejected Chamberlain's proposal of free trade with England and for that reason there will be no preferential treaty.

—A giant syndicate has agreed to land a million colonists in Mexico in twenty-five years, and to assume large share of public debt in return for certain concessions.

—The famous Louis XV. drawing room suite, composed of a sofa and six arm-chairs, with old Beauvais tapestry, has been sold in Paris to a London dealer for \$70,000.

—The official report of the irrigation and artesian wells in the Bourke districts of New South Wales shows the work to have been a great success, and has given an immense stimulus to agriculture. Apparently 62,000 square miles of the interior of New South Wales will thus be irrigable.

—The YOUTH'S COMPANION will receive at the hands of the writers of New England history which he whole life work deserves. He goes further, and shows that the Puritans, who tried, condemned and banished him for holding and disseminating these doctrines, afterwards finding their theoretical position untenable, adopted into their religion the doctrine of religious liberty, which he had not only professed but also practiced.

—He traces in a sympathetic and clear manner the whole history of the New England colony from its earliest inception down to the time of the granting of the new charter in 1692, with especial relation to the differences of opinion as to the question of religious freedom. He shows plainly that Roger Williams, instead of being a troublesome and contentious disturber of the peace, whose influence could only be neutralized by banishment, was struggling for that religious liberty which is now the most precious possession of the evangelical church, and that he is even now, when the fruits of his conscientious course are being enjoyed by the dwellers in New England, he has not received the just recognition at the hands of the writers of New England history which he whole life work deserves.

—He goes further, and shows that the Puritans, who tried, condemned and banished him for holding and disseminating these doctrines, afterwards finding their theoretical position untenable, adopted into their religion the doctrine of religious liberty, which he had not only professed but also practiced.

—He traces in a sympathetic and clear manner the whole history of the New England colony from its earliest inception down to the time of the granting of the new charter in 1692, with especial relation to the differences of opinion as to the question of religious freedom. He shows plainly that Roger Williams, instead of being a troublesome and contentious disturber of the peace, whose influence could only be neutralized by banishment, was struggling for that religious liberty which is now the most precious possession of the evangelical church, and that he is even now, when the fruits of his conscientious course are being enjoyed by the dwellers in New England, he has not received the just recognition at the hands of the writers of New England history which he whole life work deserves.

—He traces in a sympathetic and clear manner the whole history of the New England colony from its earliest inception down to the time of the granting of the new charter in 1692, with especial relation to the differences of opinion as to the question of religious freedom. He shows plainly that Roger Williams, instead of being a troublesome and contentious disturber of the peace, whose influence could only be neutralized by banishment, was struggling for that religious liberty which is now the most precious possession of the evangelical church, and that he is even now, when the fruits of his conscientious course are being enjoyed by the dwellers in New England, he has not received the just recognition at the hands of the writers of New England history which he whole life work deserves.

—He traces in a sympathetic and clear manner the whole history of the New England colony from its earliest inception down to the time of the granting of the new charter in 1692, with especial relation to the differences of opinion as to the question of religious freedom. He shows plainly that Roger Williams, instead of being a troublesome and contentious disturber of the peace, whose influence could only be neutralized by banishment, was struggling for that religious liberty which is now the most precious possession of the evangelical church, and that he is even now, when the fruits of his conscientious course are being enjoyed by the dwellers in New England, he has not received the just recognition at the hands of the writers of New England history which he whole life work deserves.

—He traces in a sympathetic and clear manner the whole history of the New England colony from its earliest inception down to the time of the granting of the new charter in 1692, with especial relation to the differences of opinion as to the question of religious freedom. He shows plainly that Roger Williams, instead of being a troublesome and contentious disturber of the peace, whose influence could only be neutralized by banishment, was struggling for that religious liberty which is now the most precious possession of the evangelical church, and that he is even now, when the fruits of his conscientious course are being enjoyed by the dwellers in New England, he has not received the just recognition at the hands of the writers of New England history which he whole life work deserves.

—He traces in a sympathetic and clear manner the whole history of the New England colony from its earliest inception down to the time of the granting of the new charter in 1692, with especial relation to the differences of opinion as to the question of religious freedom. He shows plainly that Roger Williams, instead of being a troublesome and contentious disturber of the peace, whose influence could only be neutralized by banishment, was struggling for that religious liberty which is now the most precious possession of the evangelical church, and that he is even now, when the fruits of his conscientious course are being enjoyed by the dwellers in New England, he has not received the just

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE LEAVES AT PLAY.

Come and watch the merry little leaves at play;
Jolly times they're having this November day.
Down they gently flutter like the flakes of snow,
Chattering and laughing as they go.
Don't tell me they're only driven by the wind,
I'm sure they're doing just as they've a mind.
See those two go racing swiftly down the street!
Bed's ahead, now yellow, which, think you,
will beat?

Some have gone in swimming down in yonder nook,
See that host of bathers diving in the brook.
There a crowd has gathered in an eaglar talk;
Now they're widely scattered all along the walk.
So they gaily frolic through the sunny hours,
Careless of the winter with its ice showers;
But the cold is coming and the snow drifts deep;
When their playtime's over, quietly they'll sleep.
—Selected.

THE NEW BOY'S INITIATION.

Some twenty boys were sitting about the big study in dormitory C of Cascade school, where, according to the school catalogue, young men enjoyed the combined advantages of "quiet home life and military discipline." Neither the quiet nor the discipline was much in evidence at this exact moment; but a certain amount of liberty is allowed on the first night of the term.

Stubby Fields, a short boy, with red hair and a roguish face, was the first who received anything like general attention when he asked:

"Any new boys, Bob?"

"Only one," said Bob, who was gradually and with much dignity releasing the information he had picked up by coming back a week earlier than the others.

"Oh, a very decent chap, I guess. Quiet and offish, and doesn't look very strong."

"Then, I suppose we'd better go easy with him at the start. We don't want to scare the poor thing to death. Besides, we don't know the new monitor, and she might be shocked if we were rude. Suppose we give the new boy the first degree tonight. That will be only another way of leaving our cartes de visites, as Papa Jones said we ought to do whenever a new boy came. Is he in now?"

"No, said Bob, "and he won't be back until late, for he was excused to go down the lake."

"'Tis well, then; the coast is clear. Disperse, ye conspirators, and return with due speed."

The twenty-five boys fled out of the study, and a few minutes later twenty-five silent forms crept into the new boy's room, each bearing in his hands a small alarm clock. A few minutes more, and every spot in the new boy's room big enough to hide anything in contained one of the nerve-racking little things, wound up to "the sticking point," as Stubby said, and warranted to ring for five minutes. They were in the new boy's boot closet, under the mattress on his bed, behind his bookcase, and in other places where they could be heard and not seen.

Jimmy Clark was very tired when he climbed the stairs to his room, after his long row on the lake. He was a bit homesick, too, for he had seen the older boys greeting each other earlier in the day, and the thought that he knew no one made him very lonely. "But they are nice-looking fellows, and I soon get acquainted with them," thought Jimmy hopefully, as he fell asleep.

It was midnight, and the house was perfectly quiet except for one or two audible snores from the upper landing, when Jimmy was awakened by a persistent "ting-a-ling," that seemed to come from the depths of his closet.

"I wonder what the man sets his clock off at this hour for?" thought Jimmy, believing that the noise came from his neighbor's room. "I hope to goodness it isn't morning."

He was just dozing off again when he heard another and much louder ting-a-ling that seemed to come from right under him, and fairly lifted him out of his bed. He sat for a few minutes thinking, and then he started an investigation. Jimmy overhauled every corner of his room, and the result of half an hour's hard work was an array of twenty-five alarm clocks standing in the middle of the floor. Jimmy looked at them thoughtfully for a few minutes, then he cautiously opened the door and looked out. There was still no sound but the subdued snoring from upstairs. The new boy went back and carefully wound all the clocks again.

"Let's see. If I set them a minute apart they'll last for half an hour," he said. Soon afterward a white-robed figure might have been seen making frequent trips up and down the short staircase. It was not seen for the very good reason that everybody else in Dormitory C had his eyes tightly closed, but the result of the trip was a line of twenty-five alarm clocks close together, just outside the senior monitor's door, all set to "go off" between 5 and 5:30 o'clock.

The senior monitor was a nervous, funny young man. He had been much worried as to what he should do with the boys to stop them from playing tricks on each other. He had not believed it possible that they would outrage his dignity by putting up a practical joke on him. It was, therefore, with some astonishment that the monitor was awakened early in the morning by what was unmistakably an alarm clock just outside of his door. In a moment it was joined by another, and then another, until there was a rattle like the explosion of a pack of giant firecrackers and an uproar that resounded through the house.

The monitor rushed to the door and seized one of the chorus of alarms. Immediately another started in, and the monitor's hair rose in frenzy at the sound. He danced about in the hallway unmindful of the spectacle he presented in his night attire, and finally, in desperation, he seized the large rug from the floor, and throwing it over the rattling clocks, jumped up and down on it until the last one was silenced. Then he retired to his room, uncomfortably aware of stifled giggling from the upper building. And through it all Jimmy Clark slept peacefully.

Before breakfast the porter went through the house and announced that the alarms were missing from all the

rooms except that of the new boy. At chapel the monitor was again dignified and severe.

"I regret, young gentlemen," said he, "that you have seen fit to begin the term with an over breach of discipline. I must say, too, that the childish trick of which you were guilty does as little credit to your intelligence as it does to your good taste, if you thought that its authors would not be discovered. You will all, with the exception of James Clark, spend the usual recreation hour before dinner at extra drill for the next two weeks."

The boys looked at Jimmy with something like admiration as they marched out of the room; but his face was as unruled as ever, and they said nothing, for they knew that the tables had been turned on them so neatly that there was nothing for them to do but to submit quietly to their punishment.

Every afternoon for the next two weeks as the twenty-five culprits of Dormitory C lined up for their extra hour of drill Jimmy Clark strolled past them on his way to the football field; and as he walked along he whistled, half unconsciously, the air of a negro song that he had heard in some music hall, the words of which were:

O, I don't know.
You are not so warm.
There's other folks.
As warm as you.

But at the end of it all the boys voted Jimmy a good fellow and took him into their fraternity.—Robert Earl in Inter Ocean.

THE HOME CORNER.

FREE PATTERN.

Special arrangements with the BAZAAR GLOVE-MAKING FIRM CO. are made to supply our readers with the *Bazaar Glove Pattern* at very low cost. It is acknowledged by every one that these patterns are the simplest, neatest, and most attractive ever published. Full directions accompany each pattern, and our lady readers have been invariably pleased with the results. The coupon below must accompany each order, otherwise the pattern will cost the full price.

MASS. PLOUGHMAN COUPON.

• Cut this out, fill in your name, address, number and size of pattern desired, and mail it to THE HOME CORNER, MASS. PLOUGHMAN, BOSTON, MASS.

Name Address No. of Pattern Size Enclose ten cents to pay expenses.

Mothers with growing girls who take lessons in painting or who are in the kitchen when at home will realize the necessity for just such a protective garment. Fancy plaid gingham is used in this instance, the only decoration being a narrow edging of wash lace frilled around the turnover collar. Under-arm and shoulder seams join the fronts and backs which fit smoothly across the top and close with buttons and button-holes to a desirable depth in centre-back. Convenient patch pockets, with pointed over-laps are stitched on fronts, and the neck is finished with a neat rolling collar. The pattern provides for a low pointed, square, or round-shaped neck by indicating perforations. To finish



7191—Misses' Work or Artists' Apron.

In this way use a bias facing about one inch wide and trim the edge with narrow lace or embroidery. The modified bishop sleeves are gathered at upper and lower edges, the hand at the wrists being large enough to easily slip the hand through. If wanted lighter than this do not seam but close with buttons and button-holes. Aprons in this style can be made of alpaca, satine, cambric, percale, seersucker and other wash fabrics; dark colors usually having the preference. To make this apron for a girl of fourteen years will require four yards of thirty-six-inch material. The pattern, No. 7191, is cut in sizes for girls of ten, twelve, fourteen and sixteen years. With coupon, ten cents.

The popularity of the shirt waist seems never to wane. This season heavy moire antique, Irish poplins and a whole line of handsome silks have been added to the list of available materials. The waist shown in the illustration is simple yet well suited to the richer materials. The model is made of taffeta in Roman stripes and is worn with a linen collar and butterfly tie of the material after the latest mod. The fronts are laid in fine tucks at the shoulder, with the fullness drawn into the belt at the waist line. An applied plait is laid down the right edge, which laps over onto the left, the closing being effected by studs passed through but on

holes worked for the purpose. The back shows the double pointed yoke with the fullness of the lower portion laid in plait at the centre and drawn down to the belt. The fitting is effected by shoulder seams and under-arm gore, which latter renders the waist extremely trim and stylish. The sleeves are one-seamed, but small in accordance

with the softness of the dressing take care in trussing the turkey.

Celery Dressing.—Chopped potatoes and celery in equal quantities and season with salt and pepper.

Oyster Dressing.—Take a loaf of stale bread, cut off the crust and soften by placing it in a pan, pouring on boiling water, draining off immediately and covering closely. Crumble the bread fine and add half a pound of butter or more if to be very rich, and a teaspoonful each of salt and pepper, or enough to season rather highly; drain off liquor from a quart of oysters, bring to a boil, skin and pour over the bread crumbs, adding the soaked crusts and one or two eggs; mix all thoroughly with the hands, and if rather dry moisten with a little sweet milk; lastly add the oysters, being careful not to break them; or first put in the turkey a spoonful of stuffing and then three or four oysters, and so on until the turkey is filled. Stuff the breast first.

English Dressing.—Use bread and crumbs, rubed fine, moistened with butter and two eggs, seasoned with salt and pepper, parsley, sage, thyme or sweet marjoram.

Chestnut Dressing.—Chop up ten ounces of veal, sixteen ounces of fat pork—both to be chopped separately, then mixed together, season with salt and pepper, adding giblets (cooked) and chopped—put this into a mortar with a gill of stock, mix well. Cook for fifteen minutes. Let cool and stir in sixty cooked chestnuts mashed and sifted. Stuff.

8. Then remove the fork from the breast and divide the leg and wing.

9. Cut through the skin between the body and breast and with a spoon remove a portion of the stuffing.

10. Serve light or dark meat and stuffing, as preferred.

Here are some games for the little children after Thanksgiving dinner is over:

To play "Fly Away, Sparrow," all must gather around a table, and each must place a finger on the table. When the leader of the game says, "Fly away, sparrow," or any other creature that flies, each player must raise the finger placed on the table. If anything that does not fly is mentioned, and any player raises his or her finger, forfeit must be given; and also if he fails to raise it after the name of a bird or insect that flies.

Blind Man's Wand.—In the game of "Blind Man's Wand" the blind man carries a cane, with which he reaches out in all directions. Who ever it touches is bound, by the rules of the game, to take hold of it, and repeat whatever the blind man orders. The one who is caught can disguise his voice as he pleases. The blind man is allowed three guesses, and if he cannot discover the person touched by his voice, he must try another. If he guesses correctly then the one caught must take his place.

Hunt the Ring.—To play "Hunt the King" all but one stand in a circle. A ring is slipped on a cord, the ends of which are tied together. Each child must then hold her hands tightly over the cord, and pass the ring around. One child stands in the centre and blinds her eyes, until the ring has commenced passing along, and all say "Ready." The child in the centre tries to find the ring. The one under whose hand she finds the ring, must take her place in the centre of the circle.

Some people, like the earth, have to be broken up before they become useful.

The injuries we do and those we suffer are seldom weighed in the same balance.

with the present style, and are furnished with straight cuffs of the silk. To make this waist for a lady in the medium size will require four and one-fourth yards of twenty-two-inch material. The pattern, No. 7198, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure. With coupon, ten cents.

Poor, indeed, are the homes that have no memories of family Thanksgiving gatherings, with the home circle gathered around the festal board, from grandmother and grandfather, down to the youngest grandchild, set in the midst of the hosts of uncles and cousins and aunts. It seems to a true New Englander that there can be no real old-time celebration of this festival outside of New England and no place like the farm home for the gathering. In my own childhood memories of the day, I find that those which stand out red letter days were the ones passed at the dear old farm on the hill top, where the grandfather and grandmother passed nearly all of their happy married life and where all but one of the children first saw the light and grew to happy and useful manhood and womanhood. The Thanksgiving gatherings at the homes of the other members of the family circle were happy ones, for there was no break in the growing circle of relatives for a long time, but still there lacked just the flavor of the homestead Thanksgiving. Being so rich in memories myself, I can but feel sorry for the grandchildren who are now growing up without them.

It is essentially a home day and the pleasures of the day should be such as will emphasize that feature. Let the children have their memories of the day associated with home and family instead of outside pleasures. Such memories as these are the ones which are enduring and give the greatest pleasure in later years.

Every housekeeper has her regular Thanksgiving menu of which the turkey is the chief feature. The one given below may offer suggestions to those who would like a change.

Oyster Soup Olives Celery

Roux Turkey

Mashed Potatoes Onions in Cream Squash

Cranberry Jello

Chicken Pie

Thanksgiving Pudding

Mince, Apple and Squash Pies

Fruit and Bonbons

Assorted Nuts and Raisins

Crackers Black Coffee

Cheese

The oyster soup is particularly appropriate to begin the dinner, and if this is too hearty, clam bouillon may be substituted. The following recipe from the Boston Cooking School Cook Book is a good one.

Oyster Soup.—One quart of oysters, four cups milk, one slice onion, two stalks celery, two blades mace, a sprig of parsley, a bit of bay leaf, one third cup butter, one third cup of flour and pepper and salt to taste are the materials necessary. Clean and pick over the oysters; reserve the liquor, add the oysters slightly chopped and heat slowly to the boiling point. Strain through cheese cloth, reheat liquor and thicken with butter and flour cooked together. Scald the milk with the onion, celery, mace, parsley and bay leaf; remove seasonings and add to oyster liquor. Season with salt and pepper and serve at once.

Clam Bouillon is easy to make if the fresh clams can be procured. A half peck of clams should be very carefully cleaned, the shells scrubbed and the water changed several times in washing. They should then be put into a kettle with three cups of cold water, covered tightly, and steamed until the shells are wide open. The liquor is then poured off, strained, cooled and cleared. Clam bouillon can be purchased in cans at a small expense when the fresh clams are not to be had, or when it is desired to save time and trouble at this busy season.

Directions for carving the turkey are sometimes helpful to the novice, but it requires considerable practice in private before one is brave enough to

attempt it.

Directions for roasting the Thanksgiving turkey are given in our report of the excellent lesson given at the Cooking School last Wednesday by Miss Farmer. Although Thanksgiving Day is not a day for experiments, yet some of the younger housekeepers, at least, may like to vary the stuffing for the turkey, or as some over-particular people call it, the dressing. The recipes given below will provide sufficient variety for the material after the latest mod.

The popularity of the shirt waist

seems never to wane. This season

heavy moire antique, Irish poplins

and a whole line of handsome silks

have been added to the list of available

materials. The waist shown in the

illustration is simple yet well suited to

the richer materials. The model is

made of taffeta in Roman stripes and is

worn with a linen collar and butterfly

tie of the material after the latest mod.

The fronts are laid in fine tucks at the

shoulder, with the fullness drawn into

the belt at the waist line. An applied

plait is laid down the right edge, which

laps over onto the left, the closing being

effected by studs passed through but on

holes worked for the purpose. The

back shows the double pointed yoke

with the fullness of the lower portion

laid in plait at the centre and drawn

down to the belt.

The fitting is effected by shoulder

seams and under-arm gore, which latter

renders the waist extremely trim and

stylish. The model is made of taffeta in

Roman stripes and is worn with a

linen collar and butterfly tie of the

material after the latest mod.

The fronts are laid in fine tucks at the

OUR HOMES.

AN INDIAN SUMMER REVERIE.

What visionary tint the year puts on
When falling leaves flutter through motionless
air.
Or numbly cling and shiver to be gone.
How slender the low flats and pastures bare,
As with her neet Hebe autumn comes.
The bowl between me and the distant hills
And the trees and snakes abroad her misty,
Tremulous hair.

—oh, how long ago that is!—for the tears. That was when I knew he would never come again, and I had my wedding dress all ready—it's grown yellow in a chest in the garret. But, after awhile the lace took up my trouble drop by drop, till it was gone, and I couldn't tell you today where it is. So I'll teach you, dear. Those are the three rolls I did in three years, one for each. They're yellow, now, you see."

Faith opened one and spread it out. It was an intricate pattern, very broad. "It's hard to do," she said "but that is all the better for the forgetting. If I'd been a man I should have gone away to Africa. I've often thought it would be a good deal toward making a body forget to see the sun falling down like a ball, the dark come as if somebody had blown out the light; but I couldn't very well; so I learned to crochet. I never gave the lace away, you see, because I had worked my trouble into it and I was afraid. I thought a long time about it when Alice was married; but I was afraid it would somehow make her sad when she wore it. So it's all here. This is the first year's—you see I've numbered it one,—and this is the second and this the third's—there's the three."

Faith handled the rolls over and over, lost for a minute in the associations which they revived. Her niece seemed to have forgotten her own grief for the time, and was observing her aunt curiously as she bent over the lace. "That's a fern pattern," said Faith. "It's very pretty." Faith sat silent for a time, smoothing out the creases of the lace and drawing it out to its length. It seemed to have the effect of an enchanter's wand, for it summoned old faces and scenes at will, and Faith grew blind to the little room and the needs of her guest. At last Grace moved impatiently.

"Yes, yes," said Faith, like one awaking. "To forget. This is the way. Here is the old pattern. I will teach you."

She bustled about, finding thread and needle, seated herself at Grace's side, drew the thread through her fingers and began her work.

"There!" she said, after a minute. "Do you see how it's done? It isn't hard. Try it."

Grace took the needle helplessly. "Do you think I could forget so, Aunt?" she asked, unhesitatingly.

"I did," said Faith.

Grace had returned to her task and made one or two awkward motions with the needle, when there came a short chat,—

"It's Phil!" exclaimed Grace, springing up.

"Grace!" said the recent lover, standing awkwardly by the door, after Aunt Faith had admitted him and had retreated toward her chair. There was shame and pleading in his voice.

Grace caught her hat and went to him without another word.

"We'll try the crocheting some other time, Aunt Faith," said Grace; then seeing her aunt's half-dazed expression as if she hardly understood this new development of affairs, she ran back and kissed her. Grace's face bore no trace of sadness as she turned to Phil and they went out chattering merrily.

"It's a kind of jugglery she goes through with those dishes," thought Faith, "but I'm not so sure. A man's heart is uncertain property; but a crocheted need," as she laid her hand approvingly upon those on the table, "is always the same."—Springfield Republican.

Unselfishness.

If one would lead an unselfish life, let him try to be observing. A thoroughly selfish person can never be profoundly observing for it will never seem wisdom to him to desert himself long enough to be thoroughly at the service of anything which might impress him. With an eye open for his own reputation and what may come to him just when all his sight is needed if the finest fact or thought is to be understood, he is sure to lose both fact and fame together. This is an altar world, and sooner or later everybody finds it out.

Having formulated a plan she checked her tears and composing her countenance returned to the deserted house. Toward the edge of evening Hiram, carrying a good string of fish, slowly walked into the yard. He tried the kitchen door and finding it locked, although sounds could be heard within, he called out,—

"Mandy, I've fetched a mess of fish for supper."

Receiving no answer he called louder,

"Mandy, let me in. Here's some fish to cook for supper."

At this the little sliding window in the dining room was pushed back cautiously and Mrs. Hopkins' face appeared.

"Hiram Hopkins," said she, sharply,

"I ain't goin' to let you in or to cook you nothin' till you promise me solemn earnest to mend your ways an' take care of this prop'ty as it should be."

There was such determination in her voice that the luckless man knew every word was meant. Shocked and amazed at this unexpected disaster, he sat down on a bench near the house to meditate. Presently he rose, and going to the fire when her door-bell rang and some one had entered the room and was hurrying to her side.

"Aunt Faith," said a girlish, tremulous voice, "I've come to ask you to help me. Mother said you had suffered this once, and you had learned to forget, and I thought perhaps you could show me the way."

Faith looked down upon the slight figure crouched there sobbing, and laid her gently upon the brown head, but she did not understand about the suffering.

"What is it, Grace?" she asked.

"Oh, it's Phil?" she cried. "He doesn't care for me any more. He's taking Jessie Thompson now, and I can't bear it. Mother said other women had to bear such things, but she'd always been happy, and I could come to you. You could help me," she said, looking up appealingly. "I could teach me to forget."

"Yes," said Faith, slowly.

Then it came back to her, all her own little story, and a dim, broken memory of the first heartache and her own longing to forget.

"Poor little girl!" whispered Faith stroking the beautiful mass of tangled hair.

"How was it I learned to forget?"

Let me think. Yes. I remember now. Wait a minute, dear, I will show you."

Faith slipped out of the room and soon returned, bringing three rolls of very broad crocheted lace.

"Can you crochet, Grace?"

"Not very much," said Grace, wonderring.

"Well, I will teach you. This is the way I learned to forget. The needle slips in and out, and the sunlight and firelight shine on it, and the lace grows and is so pretty, and it brings comfort. When I began I couldn't see the needle

GET THE GENUINE ARTICLE!

—oh, how long ago that is!—for the tears. That was when I knew he would never come again, and I had my wedding dress all ready—it's grown yellow in a chest in the garret. But, after awhile the lace took up my trouble drop by drop, till it was gone, and I couldn't tell you today where it is. So I'll teach you, dear. Those are the three rolls I did in three years, one for each. They're yellow, now, you see."

Faith opened one and spread it out. It was an intricate pattern, very broad. "It's hard to do," she said "but that is all the better for the forgetting. If I'd been a man I should have gone away to Africa. I've often thought it would be a good deal toward making a body forget to see the sun falling down like a ball, the dark come as if somebody had blown out the light; but I couldn't very well; so I learned to crochet. I never gave the lace away, you see, because I had worked my trouble into it and I was afraid. I thought a long time about it when Alice was married; but I was afraid it would somehow make her sad when she wore it. So it's all here. This is the first year's—you see I've numbered it one,—and this is the second and this the third's—there's the three."

Faith handled the rolls over and over, lost for a minute in the associations which they revived. Her niece seemed to have forgotten her own grief for the time, and was observing her aunt curiously as she bent over the lace. "That's a fern pattern," said Faith. "It's very pretty." Faith sat silent for a time, smoothing out the creases of the lace and drawing it out to its length. It seemed to have the effect of an enchanter's wand, for it summoned old faces and scenes at will, and Faith grew blind to the little room and the needs of her guest. At last Grace moved impatiently.

"Yes, yes," said Faith, like one awaking. "To forget. This is the way. Here is the old pattern. I will teach you."

She bustled about, finding thread and needle, seated herself at Grace's side, drew the thread through her fingers and began her work.

"There!" she said, after a minute. "Do you see how it's done? It isn't hard. Try it."

Grace took the needle helplessly. "Do you think I could forget so, Aunt?" she asked, unhesitatingly.

"I did," said Faith.

Grace had returned to her task and made one or two awkward motions with the needle, when there came a short chat,—

"It's Phil!" exclaimed Grace, springing up.

"Grace!" said the recent lover, standing awkwardly by the door, after Aunt Faith had admitted him and had retreated toward her chair. There was shame and pleading in his voice.

Grace caught her hat and went to him without another word.

"We'll try the crocheting some other time, Aunt Faith," said Grace; then seeing her aunt's half-dazed expression as if she hardly understood this new development of affairs, she ran back and kissed her. Grace's face bore no trace of sadness as she turned to Phil and they went out chattering merrily.

"It's a kind of jugglery she goes through with those dishes," thought Faith, "but I'm not so sure. A man's heart is uncertain property; but a crocheted need," as she laid her hand approvingly upon those on the table, "is always the same."—Springfield Republican.

—oh, how long ago that is!—for the tears. That was when I knew he would never come again, and I had my wedding dress all ready—it's grown yellow in a chest in the garret. But, after awhile the lace took up my trouble drop by drop, till it was gone, and I couldn't tell you today where it is. So I'll teach you, dear. Those are the three rolls I did in three years, one for each. They're yellow, now, you see."

Faith opened one and spread it out. It was an intricate pattern, very broad. "It's hard to do," she said "but that is all the better for the forgetting. If I'd been a man I should have gone away to Africa. I've often thought it would be a good deal toward making a body forget to see the sun falling down like a ball, the dark come as if somebody had blown out the light; but I couldn't very well; so I learned to crochet. I never gave the lace away, you see, because I had worked my trouble into it and I was afraid. I thought a long time about it when Alice was married; but I was afraid it would somehow make her sad when she wore it. So it's all here. This is the first year's—you see I've numbered it one,—and this is the second and this the third's—there's the three."

Faith handled the rolls over and over, lost for a minute in the associations which they revived. Her niece seemed to have forgotten her own grief for the time, and was observing her aunt curiously as she bent over the lace. "That's a fern pattern," said Faith. "It's very pretty." Faith sat silent for a time, smoothing out the creases of the lace and drawing it out to its length. It seemed to have the effect of an enchanter's wand, for it summoned old faces and scenes at will, and Faith grew blind to the little room and the needs of her guest. At last Grace moved impatiently.

"Yes, yes," said Faith, like one awaking. "To forget. This is the way. Here is the old pattern. I will teach you."

She bustled about, finding thread and needle, seated herself at Grace's side, drew the thread through her fingers and began her work.

"There!" she said, after a minute. "Do you see how it's done? It isn't hard. Try it."

Grace took the needle helplessly. "Do you think I could forget so, Aunt?" she asked, unhesitatingly.

"I did," said Faith.

Grace had returned to her task and made one or two awkward motions with the needle, when there came a short chat,—

"It's Phil!" exclaimed Grace, springing up.

"Grace!" said the recent lover, standing awkwardly by the door, after Aunt Faith had admitted him and had retreated toward her chair. There was shame and pleading in his voice.

Grace caught her hat and went to him without another word.

"We'll try the crocheting some other time, Aunt Faith," said Grace; then seeing her aunt's half-dazed expression as if she hardly understood this new development of affairs, she ran back and kissed her. Grace's face bore no trace of sadness as she turned to Phil and they went out chattering merrily.

"It's a kind of jugglery she goes through with those dishes," thought Faith, "but I'm not so sure. A man's heart is uncertain property; but a crocheted need," as she laid her hand approvingly upon those on the table, "is always the same."—Springfield Republican.

—oh, how long ago that is!—for the tears. That was when I knew he would never come again, and I had my wedding dress all ready—it's grown yellow in a chest in the garret. But, after awhile the lace took up my trouble drop by drop, till it was gone, and I couldn't tell you today where it is. So I'll teach you, dear. Those are the three rolls I did in three years, one for each. They're yellow, now, you see."

Faith opened one and spread it out. It was an intricate pattern, very broad. "It's hard to do," she said "but that is all the better for the forgetting. If I'd been a man I should have gone away to Africa. I've often thought it would be a good deal toward making a body forget to see the sun falling down like a ball, the dark come as if somebody had blown out the light; but I couldn't very well; so I learned to crochet. I never gave the lace away, you see, because I had worked my trouble into it and I was afraid. I thought a long time about it when Alice was married; but I was afraid it would somehow make her sad when she wore it. So it's all here. This is the first year's—you see I've numbered it one,—and this is the second and this the third's—there's the three."

Faith handled the rolls over and over, lost for a minute in the associations which they revived. Her niece seemed to have forgotten her own grief for the time, and was observing her aunt curiously as she bent over the lace. "That's a fern pattern," said Faith. "It's very pretty." Faith sat silent for a time, smoothing out the creases of the lace and drawing it out to its length. It seemed to have the effect of an enchanter's wand, for it summoned old faces and scenes at will, and Faith grew blind to the little room and the needs of her guest. At last Grace moved impatiently.

"Yes, yes," said Faith, like one awaking. "To forget. This is the way. Here is the old pattern. I will teach you."

She bustled about, finding thread and needle, seated herself at Grace's side, drew the thread through her fingers and began her work.

"There!" she said, after a minute. "Do you see how it's done? It isn't hard. Try it."

Grace took the needle helplessly. "Do you think I could forget so, Aunt?" she asked, unhesitatingly.

"I did," said Faith.

Grace had returned to her task and made one or two awkward motions with the needle, when there came a short chat,—

"It's Phil!" exclaimed Grace, springing up.

"Grace!" said the recent lover, standing awkwardly by the door, after Aunt Faith had admitted him and had retreated toward her chair. There was shame and pleading in his voice.

Grace caught her hat and went to him without another word.

"We'll try the crocheting some other time, Aunt Faith," said Grace; then seeing her aunt's half-dazed expression as if she hardly understood this new development of affairs, she ran back and kissed her. Grace's face bore no trace of sadness as she turned to Phil and they went out chattering merrily.

"It's a kind of jugglery she goes through with those dishes," thought Faith, "but I'm not so sure. A man's heart is uncertain property; but a crocheted need," as she laid her hand approvingly upon those on the table, "is always the same."—Springfield Republican.

—oh, how long ago that is!—for the tears. That was when I knew he would never come again, and I had my wedding dress all ready—it's grown yellow in a chest in the garret. But, after awhile the lace took up my trouble drop by drop, till it was gone, and I couldn't tell you today where it is. So I'll teach you, dear. Those are the three rolls I did in three years, one for each. They're yellow, now, you see."

Faith opened one and spread it out. It was an intricate pattern, very broad. "It's hard to do," she said "but that is all the better for the forgetting. If I'd been a man I should have gone away to Africa. I've often thought it would be a good deal toward making a body forget to see the sun falling down like a ball, the dark come as if somebody had blown out the light; but I couldn't very well; so I learned to crochet. I never gave the lace away, you see, because I had worked my trouble into it and I was afraid. I thought a long time about it when Alice was married; but I was afraid it would somehow make her sad when she wore it. So it's all here. This is the first year's—you see I've numbered it one,—and this is the second and this the third's—there's the three."

Faith handled the rolls over and over, lost for a minute in the associations which they revived. Her niece seemed to have forgotten her own grief for the time, and was observing her aunt curiously as she bent over the lace. "That's a fern pattern," said Faith. "It's very pretty." Faith sat silent for a time, smoothing out the creases of the lace and drawing it out to its length. It seemed to have the effect of an enchanter's wand, for it summoned old faces and scenes at will, and Faith grew blind to the little room and the needs of her guest. At last Grace moved impatiently.

"Yes, yes," said Faith, like one awaking. "To forget. This is the way. Here is the old pattern. I will teach you."

She bustled about, finding thread and needle, seated herself at Grace's side, drew the thread through her fingers and began her work.

"There!" she said, after a minute. "Do you see how it's done? It isn't hard. Try it."

Grace took the needle helplessly. "Do you think I could forget so, Aunt?" she asked, unhesitatingly.

"I did," said Faith.

Grace had returned to her task and made one or two awkward motions with the needle, when there came a short chat,—

"It's Phil!" exclaimed Grace, springing up.

"Grace!" said the recent lover, standing awkwardly by the door, after Aunt Faith had admitted him and had retreated toward her chair. There was shame and pleading in his voice.

Grace caught her hat and went to him without another word.

"We'll try the crocheting some other time, Aunt Faith," said Grace; then seeing her aunt's half-dazed expression as if she hardly understood this new development of affairs, she ran back and kissed her. Grace's face bore no trace of sadness as she turned to Phil and they went out chattering merrily.

"It's a kind of jugglery she goes through with those dishes," thought Faith, "but



THE HORSE.

—Patchen Boy 2.10 3-4 was beaten for the first time this year at Louisville on Wednesday.

—Baron Rogers 2.09 3-4 has been sent home to Boston after a season of unsuccessful racing.

—Sky Pointer, brother to Star Pointer, will be raced in California next year by Walter Maben.

—Josephine Young, dam of Joe Patchen, secured her second performer in the four-year-old mare Domera by Domineer, which took a record of 2.20 1-2 at Johnston.

—Twenty-three two-year-olds have taken trotting records from 2.14 to 2.30 this year, against sixteen which made records at the pace in 2.12 1-2. This pacer is known as Allanwood and is by Nutwood, out of the dam of Seal 2.10 1-2.

The Pacer of the Future.

The pacer of the future will be a harness horse unmatched in fleetness, beauty and strength. Every indication now points to the fact, as I predicted years ago, that the pacer of the future is destined to be the distinctive American race horse—the evolution of the American-bred idea, beginning with Smuggler, Pocahontas Girl and Imp. Messenger, if you please, and represented today in such equine kings as Star Pointer, Joe Patchen, Gentry and others, and such queens as the score or more of pacing mares who have paced below 2.10.

The evolution of the pacer has been very slow—he has had no chance to make himself felt in the breeding world, because breeding follows popularity, and popularity is dependent upon opportunity, and it has been only in the past ten years that that opportunity has come to the pacer.

But it has come, and found a worthy lot of champions to carry the banner on. Suppose, for a moment, that the pacer, like the trotter, had had over half a century of that favor he is now enjoying—that popularity the trotter has enjoyed all the time. What would be the value, under ordinary times, of such sires as Brown Hal, Joe Patchen, Star Pointer, Direct, Gentry, and the many other pacing kings? But the pacer of the future will have all the benefit of this and more, for no horse in the world ever had the chance that he now has. No breed of horses in the world ever had the opportunity to start their career upon such a foundation as now stands out for the pacer, and no horse in the world is in a fairer way to improve it.

Pacing greatness is so cheap that it can all be picked up for the asking. But greatness breeds greatness, and as fast as achievement comes greater will be demanded. It is the old story of human effort—it is Atlas with the world on his shoulders, and strength is always equal to the effort.

The question, I am willing to admit, is getting to be a serious one to trotters. There is getting to be too big a gap in the faster records of the breeds, and too small a gap in the opinion of the public as to the difference of the gaits. In other words, the trotter must do more in speed to maintain the advantage he has always held. Speed is the genius of the horse world, and, like its human prototype, it covers a multitude of sins. A few years of it in all its brilliancy and the trotter will not be in it, in the public eye.

The pacing horse of the future is going to be faster and still faster. The offspring of 2.01 pacing sires and 2.10 dams have not seen the light yet, but in a few years they will, and then, what a powerful advantage will they have over the offspring of 2.10 trotting sires and 2.15 dams!—Horse Review.

A fidgety horse usually has the tail, like the ears, always in motion; when about to kick the tail is drawn downward between the legs; when the animal is fatigued or exhausted then it is drooping and frequently tremulous; and with some horses, when galloping, it is swung about in a circular manner or lashed from side to side. There can scarcely be any doubt also that, like the tail of birds, it assists in the horse's movements, as when the animal is galloping in a small circle, or rapidly turning round a corner, it is curved to the inner side.—Exchange.

A HARD DAY'S WORK should bring the reward of a good bed for your horse. The best bed for the money is provided by German Pest Moss. C. B. Barrett, 46 North Market street, Boston.

Boston Cooking School.
All ingredients mentioned in the following recipes are measured level.

At the Cooking School Wednesday morning, Nov. 17, a Thanksgiving dinner was served, which, while everything was perfectly cooked, was simple in its menu and such as could safely be served at a home table where children were among the company. An Oyster Stew served with Imperial Sticks was the first course, Roast Turkey with Cranberry Jelly, Sweet Potatoes, Franconia Style, and Turnips au Gratin, for the second, only one or two vegetables being better in one course, rather than a multitude, and for the third course, Plum Pudding with Brandy Sauce.

Celery is frequently liked with turkey and to keep it for any length of time, it may be wrapped in a damp cloth and put in a cool place, rather than put directly into the ice box or into water. Lettuce, also, is better kept in a cool place in a covered pail, after sprinkling it with cold water. To prepare celery for the table, cut off the roots and leaves and such as is imperfectly blanched, separate the stalks, wash, scrape and chill in ice water to which has been added a slice of lemon to each bunch of celery.

If instead of serving an oyster stew, it is desired to serve oysters on the half shell, small oysters should be used, served in the deep part of the shell, either on crushed ice or on oyster plates with a section of lemon.

OSTER STEW.—Clean and pick over one quart of oysters. Reserve the liquor, and heat to the boiling point;

strain, add oysters, and cook until the oysters are plump. Remove with a skimmer, and put in a tureen with a quarter cupful of butter, one-half tablespoonful salt and one-eighth teaspoonful pepper. Add the oyster liquor strained a second time, and one quart of milk, scalded, with a slice of onion and two stalks of celery, after removing the oysters.

SWEET POTATOES, FRANCONIA STYLE. Parboil sweet potatoes by cooking in boiling water ten minutes. Drain, and finish cooking by placing in pan in which the turkey is roasting. Baste when the turkey is basted.

The potatoes may be cooked separately, and basted with the drippings from the turkey. They may be pared before or after cooking as preferred.

TURKEY AU GRATIN.—Cook four cupfuls of turnip, cut in one-half inch cubes in boiling water twenty minutes, until soft. Drain immediately, put into a buttered baking dish, pour over one and one-half cupfuls sauce, cover with buttered crumbs, and bake until the crumbs are brown. The sauce may be made of all milk, or milk and stock in equal proportions.

PUMPKIN PUDDING.—Split nine Boston crackers, and butter generously. Cover the bottom of a pudding-dish with crackers, sprinkle generously with seeded raisins; repeat until all the crackers are used. Pour over all the following strained mixture: three pints milk, six beaten eggs, three-fourth cupful sugar, one teaspoonful salt, one and one-half teaspoonful vanilla and one-half nutmeg grated. Let stand three hours, then add two cupfuls thin cream. Cover, and cook in a very slow oven four hours.

This is a grandmother's pudding and will be well liked. The long, slow cooking gives a deep rich color, something like a baked Indian pudding.

BRANDY SAUCE.—Create one-fourth cupful butter, add gradually one cupful powdered sugar, and very slowly two tablespoonsful brandy, the well beaten yolks of two eggs and one-half cupful cream. Cook over hot water until it thickens, and pour on to the whites of two eggs beaten stiff.

Substitute any flavoring for the brandy, either vanilla, lemon or nutmeg, preferred.

No lesson will be given at the Cooking School Thanksgiving week, the next lesson being Wednesday morning, Dec. 1, at ten o'clock.

Julienne Soup, Broiled Steak with Horseradish, Oysters and Bacon, Buns, Hashed Mutton, Baked Bananas and Fig Pudding and Sterling Sauce will be the program. Single admission, fifty cents.



and draw around each end of the upper skewer and tie. No strings should pass over the breast.

Place the turkey on its back on a rack in a dripping pan, rub over with salt, and spread with third of a cupful of butter, mixed until smooth with quarter of a cupful of flour. Dredge the turkey and pan with flour. Bake in moderate oven to two and a half hours for an eight pound turkey, basting every ten minutes with a third of a cupful of butter melted with a third of a cupful of hot water. When this is used, baste with the fat in the pan. Turn often, that the turkey may brown evenly.

GIBLET GRAVY.—Pour off the liquid in the pan in which the turkey has been roasted. Take four tablspoonfuls of the fat, return to the pan and brown it with a generous four tablspoonfuls of flour. Add two cupfuls of stock made by cooking the heart, gizzard, liver and neck in hot water. Cook five minutes, season with salt and pepper, and strain, then add the heart, liver and gizzard chopped fine.

CRANBERRY JELLY.—Boil four cupfuls cranberries, two cupfuls sugar and one cupful water twenty minutes. Strain, and turn into moulds previously wet with cold water, using china or earthen moulds.

CRANBERRY JELLY.—Boil four cupfuls cranberries, two cupfuls sugar and one cupful water twenty minutes. Strain, and turn into moulds previously wet with cold water, using china or earthen moulds.

Turnips au Gratin.—Cook four cupfuls of turnip, cut in one-half inch cubes in boiling water ten minutes. Drain, and finish cooking by placing in pan in which the turkey is roasting. Baste when the turkey is basted.

The potatoes may be cooked separately, and basted with the drippings from the turkey. They may be pared before or after cooking as preferred.

PUMPKIN PUDDING.—Split nine Boston crackers, and butter generously. Cover the bottom of a pudding-dish with crackers, sprinkle generously with seeded raisins; repeat until all the crackers are used. Pour over all the following strained mixture: three pints milk, six beaten eggs, three-fourth cupful sugar, one teaspoonful salt, one and one-half teaspoonful vanilla and one-half nutmeg grated. Let stand three hours, then add two cupfuls thin cream. Cover, and cook in a very slow oven four hours.

This is a grandmother's pudding and will be well liked. The long, slow cooking gives a deep rich color, something like a baked Indian pudding.

BRANDY SAUCE.—Create one-fourth cupful butter, add gradually one cupful powdered sugar, and very slowly two tablespoonsful brandy, the well beaten yolks of two eggs and one-half cupful cream. Cook over hot water until it thickens, and pour on to the whites of two eggs beaten stiff.

Substitute any flavoring for the brandy, either vanilla, lemon or nutmeg, preferred.

No lesson will be given at the Cooking School Thanksgiving week, the next lesson being Wednesday morning, Dec. 1, at ten o'clock.

Julienne Soup, Broiled Steak with Horseradish, Oysters and Bacon, Buns, Hashed Mutton, Baked Bananas and Fig Pudding and Sterling Sauce will be the program. Single admission, fifty cents.

Fruit Notes.

The best flavored pear just now is Dane's Hovey, and it is a question to decide whether it is the equal of Seckel or not. But it may safely be said, it is one of the very best flavored pears we have; small, of course, and of no particular beauty, but a taste of a good sample of it only calls forth regrets for its lack of size. The tree is a vigorous grower with thick glossy leaves, needing some training to keep it within bounds in its young days.

Lawrence is a smooth fleshed pear of fine quality coming in just after Hovey; P. Barry is going to be a fine pear for winter, and will take the place of winter Nellis which does not ripen up first-rate with me.

Apples housed in open barrels or on shelves will require some attention on wet days, but it is not every man that can be trusted with that work. In fact, it is one of the jobs you feel like undertaking yourself if the time needed was at your disposal.—American Gardener.

To truss the turkey, run a skewer through the legs under the second joints and another through the wings, holding them close to the body. Cross the legs, tie them together, and tie around the tail. Turn the turkey over on its breast, fasten the loose skin of the neck on to the back with a small skewer. Then cross the two ends of the string which fastened the legs to the tail and draw them around each end of the lower skewer, again cross the string

BITS OF FUN.

Friend—How do you get along with the cooking? The Bride—Admirably! I blame it on the range.—Puck.

Jones says he thought his gas-meter had gas-trick fever, but now believes it to be affected with galloping consumption.—Observer.

"If there be anything in the world I hate," said the proud platoocrat, "it is being patronized." "There's nothing I like better," said his acquaintance, who keeps the corner grocery.—Detroit Free Press.

Hosx: Is this your little baby? John: Sometimes. I don't understand. Why, when we're among my relatives it's mine, but to my wife's folks it's never anything but 'our Mary's baby.'—Philadelphia Record.

The Turkey: What, more corn! Evidently I am becoming appreciated at last. This is a regular picnic. The Farmer: It will be followed by a feast. You will be there, but you won't enjoy it so much as the rest of us.

SCIENCE CONFOUNDED: "I know a tree," said the farmer to the learned professor, "but what never had a leaf or bud, and yet they're nuts on it." "Astounding, sir, astounding! No such remarkable tree has ever been found by the botanist. What is it?" "A axle-tree."

Mrs. Homespun: I wonder where time my glasses are! I've looked high and low for 'em, and I can't find them anywhere. Johnny: Why, grandma, you've got 'em on your nose, and you're looking right through 'em." Mrs. Homespun: That accounts for it. I told the spectacle man I knew I never'd be able to see through 'em. If I hadn't had them on I'd found 'em in no time.

Farm Accounts.

Farmers are criticised for failing to have any system of bookkeeping, and it is a safe guess that the criticism applies to four-fifths of our number. But it is out of the question to expect that any elaborate system should be adopted by most farmers, and such would be unnecessary.

The proper medicine is a purge of thirty grains of epsom salts, followed with a dose of two grains of iodide of potash dissolved in water twice a day.—ED.

Dropsy results from inflammation of the stomach cavity, due to injuries, tumors or other causes. The stomach swells and is soft and spongy to the touch. Unless the fowl is valuable it is hardly worth while to doctor it. The proper medicine is a purge of thirty grains of epsom salts, followed with a dose of two grains of iodide of potash dissolved in water twice a day.

The new Dingley tariff law taxes eggs imported into the United States five cents per dozen. The former rate was three cents per dozen. Many eggs are imported from Canada.

Dropsy results from inflammation of the stomach cavity, due to injuries, tumors or other causes. The stomach swells and is soft and spongy to the touch. Unless the fowl is valuable it is hardly worth while to doctor it. The proper medicine is a purge of thirty grains of epsom salts, followed with a dose of two grains of iodide of potash dissolved in water twice a day.

The new Dingley tariff law taxes eggs imported into the United States five cents per dozen. The former rate was three cents per dozen. Many eggs are imported from Canada.

Dropsy results from inflammation of the stomach cavity, due to injuries, tumors or other causes. The stomach swells and is soft and spongy to the touch. Unless the fowl is valuable it is hardly worth while to doctor it. The proper medicine is a purge of thirty grains of epsom salts, followed with a dose of two grains of iodide of potash dissolved in water twice a day.

The new Dingley tariff law taxes eggs imported into the United States five cents per dozen. The former rate was three cents per dozen. Many eggs are imported from Canada.

Dropsy results from inflammation of the stomach cavity, due to injuries, tumors or other causes. The stomach swells and is soft and spongy to the touch. Unless the fowl is valuable it is hardly worth while to doctor it. The proper medicine is a purge of thirty grains of epsom salts, followed with a dose of two grains of iodide of potash dissolved in water twice a day.

The new Dingley tariff law taxes eggs imported into the United States five cents per dozen. The former rate was three cents per dozen. Many eggs are imported from Canada.

Dropsy results from inflammation of the stomach cavity, due to injuries, tumors or other causes. The stomach swells and is soft and spongy to the touch. Unless the fowl is valuable it is hardly worth while to doctor it. The proper medicine is a purge of thirty grains of epsom salts, followed with a dose of two grains of iodide of potash dissolved in water twice a day.

The new Dingley tariff law taxes eggs imported into the United States five cents per dozen. The former rate was three cents per dozen. Many eggs are imported from Canada.

Dropsy results from inflammation of the stomach cavity, due to injuries, tumors or other causes. The stomach swells and is soft and spongy to the touch. Unless the fowl is valuable it is hardly worth while to doctor it. The proper medicine is a purge of thirty grains of epsom salts, followed with a dose of two grains of iodide of potash dissolved in water twice a day.

The new Dingley tariff law taxes eggs imported into the United States five cents per dozen. The former rate was three cents per dozen. Many eggs are imported from Canada.

Dropsy results from inflammation of the stomach cavity, due to injuries, tumors or other causes. The stomach swells and is soft and spongy to the touch. Unless the fowl is valuable it is hardly worth while to doctor it. The proper medicine is a purge of thirty grains of epsom salts, followed with a dose of two grains of iodide of potash dissolved in water twice a day.

The new Dingley tariff law taxes eggs imported into the United States five cents per dozen. The former rate was three cents per dozen. Many eggs are imported from Canada.

Dropsy results from inflammation of the stomach cavity, due to injuries, tumors or other causes. The stomach swells and is soft and spongy to the touch. Unless the fowl is valuable it is hardly worth while to doctor it. The proper medicine is a purge of thirty grains of epsom salts, followed with a dose of two grains of iodide of potash dissolved in water twice a day.

The new Dingley tariff law taxes eggs imported into the United States five cents per dozen. The former rate was three cents per dozen. Many eggs are imported from Canada.

Dropsy results from inflammation of the stomach cavity, due to injuries, tumors or other causes. The stomach swells and is soft and spongy to the touch. Unless the fowl is valuable it is hardly worth while to doctor it. The proper medicine is a purge of thirty grains of epsom salts, followed with a dose of two grains of iodide of potash dissolved in water twice a day.

The new Dingley tariff law taxes eggs imported into the United States five cents per dozen. The former rate was three cents per dozen. Many eggs are imported from Canada.

Dropsy results from inflammation of the stomach cavity, due to injuries, tumors or other causes. The stomach swells and is soft and spongy to the touch. Unless the fowl is valuable it is hardly worth while to doctor it. The proper medicine is a purge of thirty grains of epsom salts, followed with a dose of two grains of iodide of potash dissolved in water twice a day.

The new Dingley tariff law taxes eggs imported into the United States five cents per dozen. The former rate was three cents per dozen. Many eggs are imported from Canada.

Dropsy results from inflammation of the stomach cavity, due to injuries, tumors or other causes. The stomach swells and is soft and spongy to the touch. Unless the fowl is valuable it is hardly worth while to doctor it. The proper medicine is a purge of thirty grains of epsom salts, followed with a dose of two grains of iodide of potash dissolved in water twice a day.

The new Dingley tariff law taxes eggs imported into the United States five cents per dozen. The former rate was three cents per dozen. Many eggs are imported from Canada.

Dropsy results from inflammation of the stomach cavity, due to injuries, tumors or other causes. The stomach swells and is soft and spongy to the touch. Unless the fowl is valuable it is hardly worth while to doctor it. The proper medicine is a purge of thirty grains of epsom salts, followed with a dose of two grains of iodide of potash dissolved in water twice a day.

The new Dingley tariff law taxes eggs imported into the United States five cents per dozen. The former rate was three cents per dozen. Many eggs are imported from Canada.

Dropsy results from inflammation of the stomach cavity, due to injuries, tumors or other causes. The stomach swells and is soft and spongy to the touch. Unless the fowl is valuable it is hardly worth while to doctor it. The proper medicine is a purge of thirty grains of epsom salts, followed with a dose of two grains of iodide of potash dissolved in